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POEMS OF ITALY

GIOSUE CARDUCCI

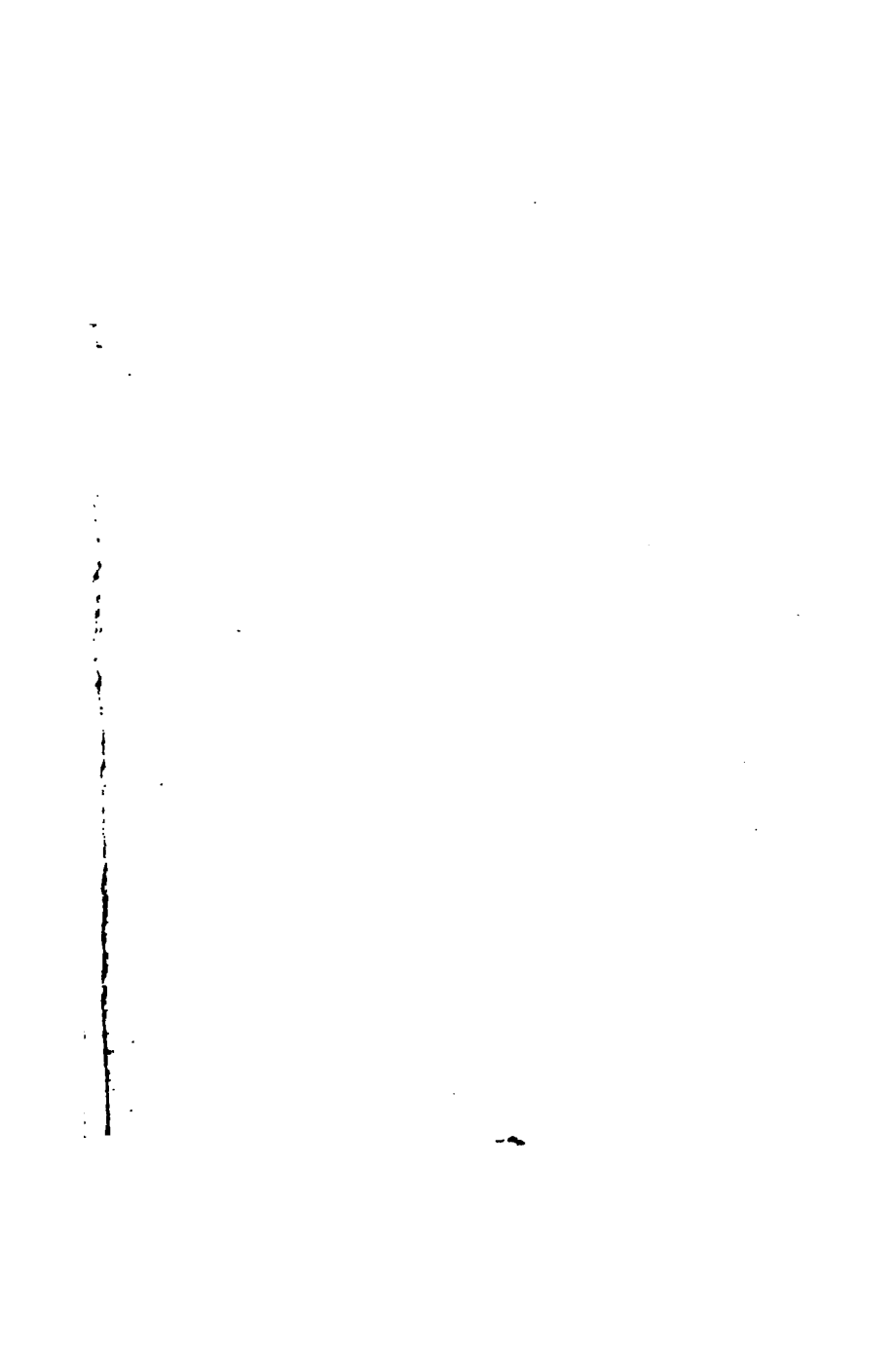


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## POEMS OF ITALY



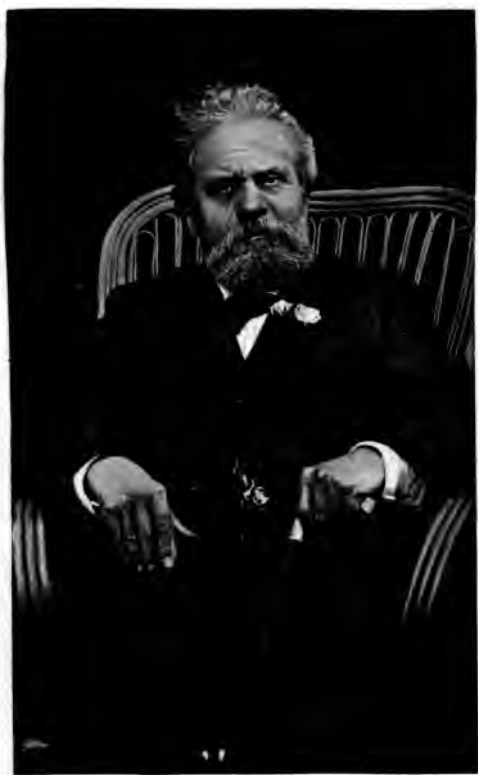
## POEMS OF ITALY

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# POEMS OF ITALY

SELECTIONS

FROM THE ODES OF  
GIOSUE CARDUCCI

TRANSLATED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY

M. W. ARMS



THE GRAFTON PRESS  
NEW YORK

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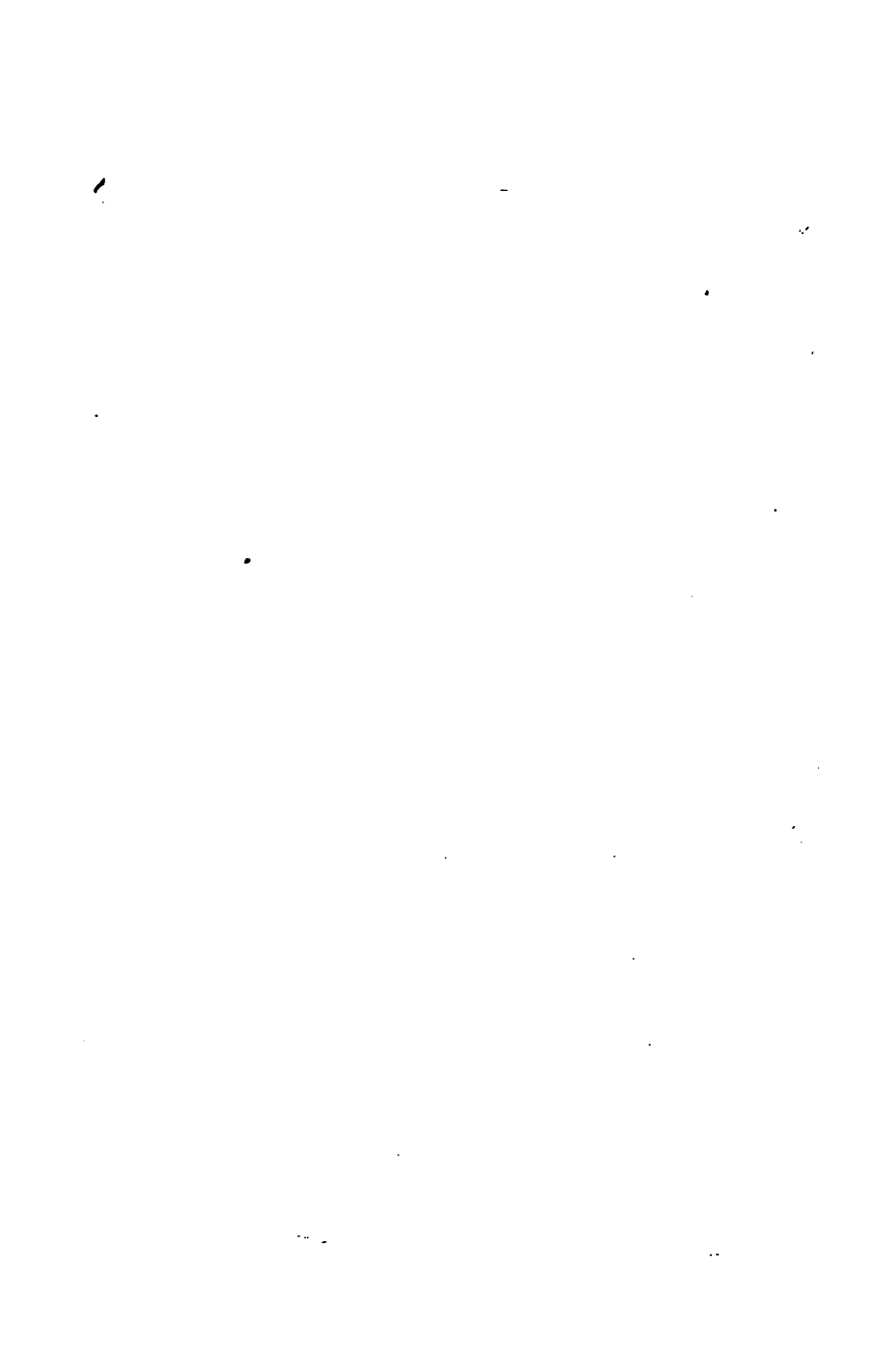
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## Giosue Carducci

**T**HE life of Giosue Carducci, the foremost of living Italian poets, spans an epic period. He was born in 1835, when Italy was indeed little more than a "geographical expression," an aggregation of states separated from each other by wide differences in customs and even language, united only by common suffering under foreign tyranny. He is alive to-day, when the seemingly impossible fusion of these states has become an accomplished fact, and the kingdom of Italy is free not only as Napoleon III promised it should be, "from the Alps to the Adriatic," but from the Alps to the extremest tip of Sicily, and from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean.

It would hardly be possible for any man of strong feeling and quick imagination to have lived through such a struggle as that for Italian unity without having his character deeply influenced thereby. Carducci, moreover, was brought up in an environment and amid circumstances that still further tended to breed in him a peculiarly passionate love of country and hatred of foreign domination. His father was a physician

in the Government service, but a devotee of Manzoni and an ardent Liberal. He had suffered imprisonment as a "Carbonaro" after the insurrectionary movement of 1831, and he only awaited an opportunity again to identify himself with the revolutionists. This opportunity offered itself in 1848, and his active participation in the events of that and the following year led to the loss of his position. The family moved to Florence in consequence, and there Giosue was sent to the Scolopi Fathers to school.

The war of 1848-49 left an indelible impression on the boy's mind. Austria had been braved by the little kingdom of Sardinia, and though disaster and defeat had followed the gallant demonstration against the foreigner, yet through all Italy a long awakening breath had been drawn. In the eager young student of these days, whose first fourteen years had been passed in the midst of the melancholy and suggestive charm of the Tuscan "Maremma" (fens), who had learned Latin at his father's knee, and at his mother's the tragedies of Alfieri and the revolutionary poetry of Berchet, we may find a prophecy of the man. Impetuous, bitterly impatient of shams of any kind, with a devouring

passion for books, an ardent worship of the great classic writers and of those modern Italian authors who dreamed a new life for Italy—such Carducci showed himself, during these four years in Florence, to his companion Chiarini, who in his turn has drawn the portrait for us.\* An incident that occurred a little later, while Giosue was studying at the Normal School of Pisa, throws further light on his character.

In the summer of 1855, a severe epidemic of cholera broke out at Pian Castagnajo, the little village where the Carducci family was then settled. Giosue, home for his holidays, instantly laid aside his books and his writing, and, aided by his brother and two acquaintances, threw himself with enthusiastic devotion into the business of caring for the sick. So much practical ability did he display that the Municipality put him at the head of a commission for sanitary measures and public assistance, and until the epidemic was at an end, late in September, he gave his time and energy to the work entrusted to his hands. "I have put aside, as is the duty of a good citizen, the meditative life for the ac-

\*See "*Impressioni e Ricordi di Giosue Carducci*," by G. Chiarini.

edited various books for the publisher, Barbèra, and eagerly kept "his ears and his heart open to all the voices that seemed to give hope of the speedy liberation of Italy."\*

These voices during 1859 and 1860 grew ever louder till they swelled into a mighty chant of triumph. The King of Sardinia and Piedmont, Vittorio Emanuele, declared war against Austria with France as his ally. Tuscany threw off the yoke of her Grand Duke and established a provisional government of her own; Parma and Modena followed suit, so did the Papal State of Romagna; finally the plébiscite of March 11, 1860, united all these provinces of Central Italy with Piedmont. In the same year came Garibaldi's triumphant expedition into Sicily and Naples; Southern Italy was added to Northern and Central; the Papal States, except Rome, were conquered; and on February 18, 1861, the first parliament of United Italy met at Turin. All these events live in the poetry of Carducci. "To the Cross of Savoy" ("Alla Croce di Savoia"), "Plebiscitum" ("Plébiscite"), "The Rock of Quarto" ("Scoglio di Quarto"), are examples of a collection that forms a lyric epit-

\*Chiarini.

the Italian struggle, from the first faint  
the golden morning.

The making of Italy was not to be com-  
perhaps naturally, as gloriously as it had  
commenced. Carducci, who when Vit-  
manuele first flung down the gauntlet of  
before Austria had hailed the Piedmont-  
as the hero-liberator of his country,  
with small patience the dallings and  
displayed by the monarchical party  
accession to power. The transference  
capital from Turin to Florence, with the  
abandonment of Rome, was the first  
his loyalty. The acceptance of Venice  
in hands of France, the treatment in-  
Garibaldi, the long delay that inter-  
before the Government could be driven,  
manifest unwillingness, finally to occupy  
all these political intrigues and calcu-  
were abhorrent to the poet. He had  
been the Chair of Italian Literature at the  
city of Bologna in 1860, and had moved  
city in consequence. Gradually he be-  
iliated with the Republican party there,  
the poem "After Aspromonte" ("Dopo  
onte"), written in 1863, put the seal upon

his change of political creed. In 1868, he was suspended from his professorship on account of the part he had taken in an address sent to Mazzini, but so great was his popularity in Bologna that the suspension was of short duration. In 1871, appeared a volume entitled "Poems of Giosue Carducci" ("Poesie di Giosue Carducci"), but his name only came into wide prominence with the publication in 1873 of the "New Poems" ("Nuove Poesie"). The "Barbaric Odes" ("Odi Barbare"), the first of which appeared in 1877, completed the establishment of his fame in Italy—a fame which ever since has been steadily increasing and spreading beyond the confines of his own land. In 1887, the poet was offered the newly instituted Dante Chair at the University of Rome, but declined the honor in order to remain in Bologna—to which city he had become by this time intimately attached, and in which he still makes his real home.

In glancing over the record of Carducci's life, as reflected both in his acts and in his work, one is impressed chiefly, I think, by the unity of principle which underlies its many phases. His poetry and prose voice, through all variety of

form and subject, one creed; his actions, often contradictory in appearance, spring from one source. He is always the poet—the challenger of the world's smallnesses, compromises, hypocrisies; the seeker after the beautiful, the high, the true, whether found in king's palace or peasant's hut, in Christian church or pagan temple. Because the Papacy appears to him a thing of corruption and tyranny, he turns from the dark cathedral to the boundless purity of the open air and the arms of the great earth-mother. Because, in the early days, Vittorio Emanuele presents himself as the symbol of Italy's salvation, he sings the Cross of Savoy; the monarchy, triumphant, grows careless of its ideals, and Carducci passes to the Republicans with "After Aspromonte;" the great personalities that had been the glory of the Republican party disappear, the standard is lowered, and he draws near once more to the throne that has been sanctioned by the people's voice. It is with spiritual values, not with external forms, that he concerns himself; and in one of the prose essays, "Raccoglimenti," he gives us the key to his attitude.

"The poet should not feel himself obliged to

obey certain exigencies, as one may call them, of his time. Because, if the harp of his soul instead of vibrating beneath the wing of the fleeting Psyche, instead of answering to each echo of the past, to each breath of the future, to the solemn murmur of the centuries and of preceding generations, allows itself to be caressed by zephyrs from a lady's fan or soldier's plume, shrinks at the rustle of the professorial toga or the babblings of the gazette—then woe, woe to the poet, if poet indeed he be! To plant one's self at the window with every variation in temperature in order to ascertain what garb is assumed by the taste of the legal majority is to distract, to chill, to fossilize the soul. The poet should express himself and his moral and artistic convictions with all the sincerity, the clearness, the resolution in his power; the rest is no concern of his."

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HE following half dozen poems have been selected from the "Odi Barbare,"\* on the two volumes of which Carducci's fame most clearly rests. The first edition of these Odes appeared in 1877, and owing to certain metrical innovations gave rise to a storm of discussion among the critics. Stronger, however, than the Italian reverence for established form is the Italian responsiveness to beauty. It was recognized that the Odes presented a thoroughly harmonious whole, however unlawfully attained, and the contest ended in the establishment of Carducci as the foremost among living Italian poets and of the Odes as a triumphant assertion, not only of his maturest poetic thought, but of his mastery of a scheme of versification which, on first consideration, might appear somewhat alien to the genius of the language.

Of the wonderful variety and beauty of this versification, I realize that my translations give

\*A considerable number of the poems of Carducci have already been translated and published in book form by the Rev. Frank Sewall. In his collection, however, comparatively few of the "Odi Barbare" find place, and none of those which I have here chosen.

no conception. Because the originals are unrhymed, and because of a certain gravity and stateliness in their metre, I have uniformly made our English blank verse the instrument of my renderings. To do so, I am well aware, is to incur the risk of monotony; but the attempt to reproduce with unskilled touch the complex music of the master would, I believe, be even more misleading in its result. In the single case of "Miramar," I have held to the original form to the extent of preserving the short line at the close of every stanza.

It may be that the accusation of sameness will be brought against the substance as well as the structure of the following poems. Carducci's genius has an extraordinarily wide range; it is satirical, patriotic, classical, but its most characteristic and subtle quality is its impressionism—its power of creating atmosphere through the medium of words. This quality is apparent to a greater or less degree in all our poet's work, but chiefly so in such descriptive poems as those which are here selected. "Miramar," "Rome," "Before the Old Castle of Verona," are not specific word-pictures, but rather poetic evocations of the significance latent

in castle, campagna, and river. And because it seems to me that this interpretative faculty, this power to present "the living soul" of things is a peculiarly precious literary attribute, I have taken for translation poems that offered striking examples of its presence without regard to the fact that, in substance, they nearly all belonged to one type. In translation, of course, much of the original charm must be lost. One may preserve the thought, but to make another language recreate the same atmosphere, borders upon the impossible. In the present instance I have aimed simply at being as literal as was consistent with the chosen form of verse, trusting that in such wise some virtue of the original might still cling to its English rendering.

M. W. Arms.

Washington, D. C., December, 1905.



## Before the Old Castle of Verona

Green Adige, 'twas thus in rapid course  
And powerful, that thou didst murmur 'neath  
The Roman bridges sparkling from thy stream  
Thine ever-running song unto the sun,  
When Odoacer, giving way before  
The onrush of Theodoric, fell back,  
And midst the bloody wrack about them passed  
Into this fair Verona blond and straight  
Barbarian women in their chariots, singing  
Songs unto Odin; while the Italian folk  
Gathered about their Bishop and put forth  
To meet the Goths the supplicating Cross.

Thus from the mountains rigid with their snows,  
In all the placid winter's silver gladness  
To-day thou still, O tireless fugitive,  
Dost murmuring pass upon thy way, beneath  
The Scaligers' old battlemented bridge,  
Betwixt time-blackened piles and squalid trees,  
To far-off hills serene, and to the towers  
Whence weep the mourning banners for the day,  
Returning now, which saw the death of him  
Whom a free Italy first chose her king.  
Still, Adige, thou singest as of yore  
Thine ever-running song unto the sun.

I, too, fair river, sing, and this my song  
Would put the centuries into little verse;  
And palpitating to each thought, my heart  
Follows the stanza's upward-quivering flight.  
But with the years, my verse will dull and fade;  
Thou, Adige, the eternal poet art,  
Who still—when of these hills the turret crown  
Is shattered into fragments, and the snake  
Sits hissing in the sunlight where now stands  
The great basilica, St. Zeno's fane—  
Still in the desert solitudes wilt voice  
The sleepless tedium of the infinite.

## On the Death of the Prince Imperial

**O**NE, the barbarian javelin laid low,  
Unwitting; in the eyes that glowed with  
life

Extinguishing the smiles they seemed to catch  
From phantoms floating in the azure vast.

The other, vainly drugged with kisses 'neath  
His Austrian plumes, and in the frozen dawns  
Dreaming *réveillés* and the warlike roll  
Of drums,—bent, like a pallid hyacinth.

Far from their mothers, both; the silken curls  
With childhood's brightness on them, seem to  
wait  
The furrow that is left by the caress  
Of the maternal hand. But now instead

They are cast into darkness, these young souls,  
With none to comfort; neither follows them  
Their country's tribute, sounding at the grave  
The notes of love and the high strain of glory.

Not this, O dark son of Hortensia,\*  
Not this your promise to your little heir.  
For him you prayed before the face of Paris  
A fate far different from the King of Rome's.

Sebastopol's great victory and peace  
Lulled with the rustling of their shining wings  
The little one; admiring Europe watched,  
And shown the imperial Column beacon-bright.

But all December's mire is stained with blood,  
And treach'ry lurks behind the Brumaire fogs;  
No bushes can take root in such a soil,  
Or else bear ashes and a poisoned fruit.

O lonely house on the Aiaccian shore,  
Shaded forever by your great green oaks,  
With hills serene about you like a crown  
And at your feet the solemn-sounding sea!

'Twas here Letitia—fair Italian name  
Which henceforth in all ages sounds mischance—  
Was happy wife and mother for, alas!  
Too short a time; and here, O Consul† here,—

\*Napoleon III.

†Napoleon the Great.

Launched your last thunderbolt against the  
thrones,  
Given to the people your concordant laws—  
You should have come to live withdrawn, be-  
twixt  
The ocean and the God of your belief.

Domestic shade, to-day Letitia haunts  
The empty house; not round her head there  
played  
The rays of Cæsar—betwixt church and tomb,  
Corsican mother, all her life was spent.

Her Son of Destiny with eagle eyes,  
Her daughters, fair as the resplendent dawn,  
And nephews all aglow with eager hopes,—  
All were laid low, all far away from her.

Corsica's Niobe, at night she stands  
There by the door whence from baptismal rites  
Her children issued forth, and her proud arms  
She stretches out over the savage sea,

And calls, and calls—if from the Western shore,  
If from Britannia, or the Land of Night \*  
No one of all her tragic-fated offspring,  
Wafted by death, is borne unto her bosom.

\* Africa, where the Prince Imperial was killed.

## In the Piazza of San Petronio

**D**ARK in the winter's crystal air arise  
Bologna's turrets, and above them laughs  
The mountain-slope all whitened by the  
snows.

It is that mellowest hour when the sun  
His dying salutation on the towers  
And, Saint Petronius, on thy temple sheds,—

Towers whose battlements the broad-spread  
wings  
Of many passing centuries have grazed,  
And the grave temple's solitary peak.

The adamantine sky is gleaming cold  
In its refulgence, and the air is drawn  
O'er the piazza like a silver veil

That lightly brushes with caressing touch  
The threatening piles, whose grim walls gather  
round,  
Raised by our fathers' mail-encircled arms.

Still lingering on the mountain heights, the sun  
Looks o'er the scene; and languidly his smile  
Falls with suffusing tint of violet

On the grey building stones and on the dark  
Vermilion brick, and seems to waken there  
The living soul of vanished centuries;

And wakens in the rigid winter air  
A melancholy yearning for the glow  
Of spring-times past, of warm and festal eves,

When here in the piazza used to dance  
The beauteous women, and in triumph home  
Returned the Consuls with their captive kings.

Thus in her flight the Muse is laughing back  
Upon the verse in which vain longing throbs  
For all the antique beauty that is gone.

## Miramar

**O** MIRAMAR, about your fair white  
towers,  
Weary with weight of the rain-burdened  
sky,

Like some dark cluster of ill-omened birds  
Gather the clouds.

O Miramar, against your granite rocks,  
Grey-rising from the grim deeps of the sea  
With echoing shriek as of tormented souls  
Thunder the waves.

In melancholy shadow of the clouds  
Stand, keeping watch above the double gulf,  
Turreted cities of the Istrian shore  
Gems of the sea.

And all its roaring anger still the sea  
Hurls 'gainst the rocky rampart whence you look  
Over the Adriatic on both sides,  
Hapsburgian hold.

O'er Nabresina thunder bursts and rolls  
Along the iron coast; and, lightning-crowned,  
Distant Triesté through a mist of showers  
Raises her head.

Ah, how all nature smiled on that fair morn  
Of April when, his lovely dame beside,  
Forth came the fair-haired Emperor, to sail  
For distant shores.

Upon his placid countenance there beamed  
The manly strength of one to empire called;  
The blue eyes of his lady wandered proud  
Over the sea.

Farewell, O castle of the happy days,  
Vainly constructed as a nest for love!  
An alien zephyr toward the desert ocean  
Bears off the twain.

With kindled hopes, they leave the halls adorned  
With chiselled wisdom and triumphal story;  
Dante and Goethe to the castle's lord  
Make vain appeal.

A sphinx of changeful aspect lures him on  
To follow in her path across the sea.  
He yields, and half-way open leaves the book  
Of old romance.

Ah, 'twas no song of love or high exploit,  
No music of guitars that waited him  
To sound a welcome in the Aztec Spain!  
Long on the air,

What is that wail which from Salvor's sad Point  
Sounds midst the raucous sobbing of the flood?  
Do dead Venetians sing, or else the old,  
Old Istrian Fates?

—“Ah, Son of Hapsburg, in an ill-starred hour  
You mount, upon our seas, the fated ship! \*  
Darkly the Furies, by you, to the wind  
Shake out the sails.

See how the sphinx perfidiously gives back  
As you advance, and puts on other forms!  
It is mad Joan's livid look that fronts  
That of your wife;

It is the severed head of France's Queen †  
Grinning at you; and with deep-sunken eyes  
Fastened on yours, 'tis Montezuma's fierce  
Yellow-hued face.

\* The “Novara.”

† Marie Antoinette.

While, midst dark tufts of savage plants, un-  
stirred  
By any breathing of benignant airs,  
Huitzilopotli in his pyramid  
Sits keeping watch.

Out from the god are darting livid flames  
Into the tropic night; he scents your blood,  
And with his gaze o'ersweeps the spreading  
main,  
Howling, "Oh come!

"Long have I waited; the ferocious whites  
Destroyed my kingdom, broke my temples down,  
Come, self-devoted victim, nephew thou  
Of the Fifth Charles.

"I wanted not your forebears of ill fame,  
Rotten with vice, consumed with royal madness;  
For you I waited, you I pluck, reborn  
Hapsburgian flower.

"And to Guatimozino's mighty soul  
That reigns 'neath the pavilion of the sun,  
I send you, Maximilian, that are strong,  
Beautiful, pure!"

# To Giuseppe Garibaldi

NOVEMBER 3, MDCCCLXXX.

**A**LONE rides the Dictator at the head  
Of the advancing mournful band, with-  
drawn  
Into his thoughts and silent; round him earth  
And sky alike are leaden, squalid, chill.

The heavy plashing of his horse's hoofs  
In the deep mire was audible; behind,  
The cadenced fall of footsteps and the sighs  
Breathed from heroic breasts into the night.

But from each clod livid with slaughter's stain,  
From every blood-dewed bush, wherever lay  
The poorest fragment or the smallest, torn,  
O you Italian mothers, from your hearts—

There, like a star a flame sprang up, and rose  
A sound of many voices chanting hymns;  
Far in the background shone Olympic Rome,  
And through the air a mighty pæan ran.

Mentana saw proclaimed the ages' shame,  
Cæsar's and Peter's infamous embrace;  
Thou hast, O Garibaldi, at Mentana  
On Peter and on Cæsar set thy foot.

O thou, of Aspromonté splendid rebel,  
O glorious victor of Mentana thou,  
Come then, and tell Palermo's tale and Rome's  
Unto Camillus in the Capitoll"—

Thus a mysterious voice of spirits ran  
Solemnly through the Italian sky that day  
When all the vile lamented in their fright—  
Curs that shrank cowering from the avenging  
lash.

Now, Italy adores thee. A new Rome  
Is hailing thee her latest Romulus.  
Thou dost ascend, divine one; round thy head  
There cannot come the silences of death.

Over the common gulf of little souls  
Refulgent art thou, by the ages called  
Up to the lofty heights and councils pure  
Of gods and heroes watching o'er our land.

Thou dost ascend. And Dante, looking, says  
To Virgil: "Ne'er a nobler hero form  
Did we conceive . . . " Then Livy, with a  
smile,  
"To my domain, O poets, he belongs.

"Yea, written in Italian civil story  
The record of tenacious daring stands—  
Daring that had its root in justice, reached  
To loftiest heights, and in the ideal sought light."

Glory to thee, O father! In the grim  
Shud'rings of Etna breathes thy lion heart  
And in the whirlwinds of the Alps, let loose  
Against barbarian foe and tyrant's rule.

Serenely shines from thy calm heart diffused,  
Light in the sea's blue laughter and the sky's,  
In all the flowering Mays, and o'er the tombs  
Of heroes, and their fair memorial marbles.

## Rome

**R**OME, on thine air I cast my soul adrift,  
To soar sublime; do thou, O Rome,  
receive

This soul of mine and flood it with thy light.

Not curiously concerned with little things  
To thee I come; who is there that would seek  
For butterflies beneath the Arch of Titus?

\* \* \* \* \*

Do thou but shed thine azure round me, Rome,  
Illumine me with sunlight; all-divine  
Are the sun's rays in thy vast azure spaces.

They bless alike the dusky Vatican,  
The beauteous Quirinal, and ancient there  
The Capitol, amongst all ruins holy.

And from thy seven hills thou stretchest forth  
Thine arms, O Rome, to meet the love diffused,  
A radiant splendor, through the quiet air.

The solitudes of the Campagna form  
That nuptial-couch; and thou, O hoar Soratte,  
Thou art the witness in eternity.

O Alban Moutains, sing ye smilingly  
The epithalamium; green Tusculum  
Sing thou; and sing, O fertile Tivoli!

Whilst I from the Janiculum look down  
With wonder on the city's pictured form—  
A mighty ship, launched toward the world's dominion.

O ship, whose poop rising on high attains  
The infinite, bear with thee on thy passage  
My soul unto the shores of mystery!

Let me, when fall those twilights radiant  
With the white jewels of the coming night,  
Quietly linger on the Flaminian Way;

Then may the hour supreme, in fleeing, brush  
With silent wing my forehead, while I pass  
Unknown through this serenity of peace,

Pass to the Councils of the Shades, and see  
Once more the lofty spirits of the Fathers  
Conversing there beside the sacred river.

## Notes

### "BEFORE THE OLD CASTLE OF VERONA."

Printed among the "Odi Barbare" of 1889. The castle, before the frowning walls of which the poet is meditating, stands by the river Adige—which here flows through Verona—and was long the home of the great Veronese family of the Scaligers. The Church of St. Zeno, to which reference is made in the last stanza, is noted as one of the finest examples of the Romanesque in northern Italy.

### "ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL."

A superb symphonic presentation of the whole Napoleonic tragedy, beginning with the parallel drawn in the first four stanzas between the Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III., and the King of Rome, son of the first Napoleon; and closing with the tremendous portrayal of Letitia, mother of the race—the "Corsican Niobe"—as she stands with her "proud arms" stretched toward the "savage sea," beyond which her children have fallen. In the seventh stanza the references are to the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III., which occurred in December, 1852, and to the birth of the Prince Imperial in January (the "Brumaire" of the revolutionary calendar), 1856. Very characteristic is the reproach which Carducci, in the tenth stanza, addresses to the Great Napoleon;

the poet would have had the Consul put all aside when his true work—the humbling of the thrones, the giving of “concordant laws”—was done, and retire, a second Cincinnatus, to the “lonely house on the Aiacian shore.”

“IN THE PIAZZA OF SAN PETRONIO.”

One of Carducci’s most delicate bits of impressionism. The glamour which the sun’s “dying salutation” sheds on the grim towers and solemn church of dark-turreted Bologna, hangs like a golden haze over the whole poem; and in the last stanza one may feel the intensity of the poet’s yearning for that antique beauty which has vanished with a vanished time.

“MIRAMAR.”

The Château of Miramar, from which the Archduke Maximilian of Austria set out on his ill-fated expedition to Mexico, is situated on the Adriatic, not far from Trieste. The “double gulf” (third stanza) consists of the Gulf of Venice and the Gulf of Trieste, which form practically one sheet of water; and the “turreted cities of the Istrian shore” (whose names I omitted in the translation as unnecessary) are Muggia, Pirano, Egida, and Parenzo. Huitzilopotli (stanza sixteen) is the Mexican god of war. In his own note to the original poem, Carducci explains the rather obscure allusions which occur in the ninth and

tenth stanzas. "Certain recollections of the Château of Miramar that find place in these verses perhaps need elucidation," he writes. "In Maximilian's study, built to resemble the cabin of the flagship 'Novara,' which later carried him to Mexico, portraits of Dante and Goethe are to be seen near where the Archduke was accustomed to sit studying; and there still lies open upon the table an old edition of Castilian romances—rare, if I remember rightly, and printed in the Low Countries. In the main hall are engraved a number of Latin maxims. Memorable among them, because of the spot and the man, are these: "*Si Fortuna juvat cavete tolli*," "*Sæpe sub dulci melle venena latent*," "*Non ad astra mollis et terris via*," "*Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt*."

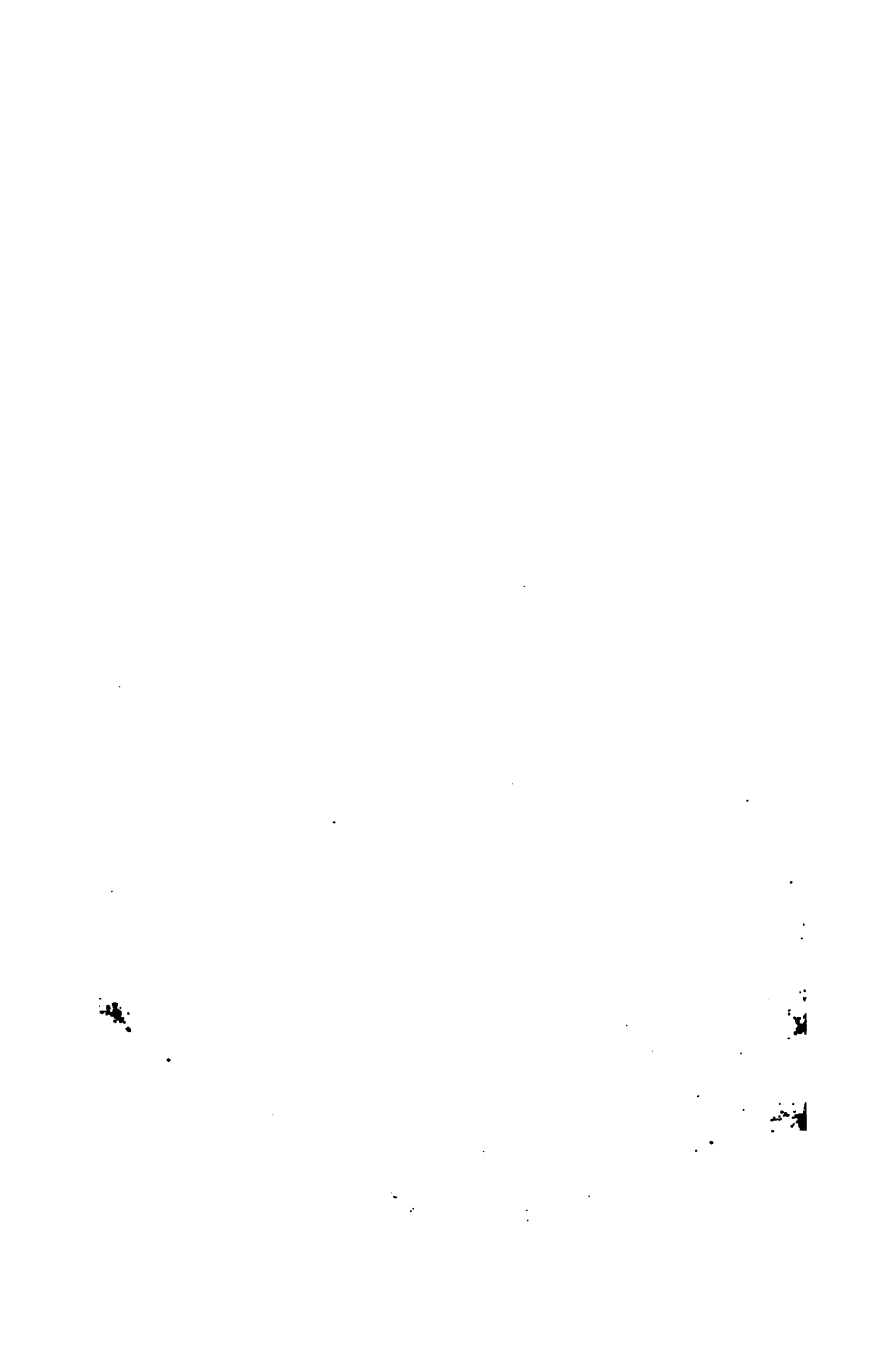
"TO GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI."

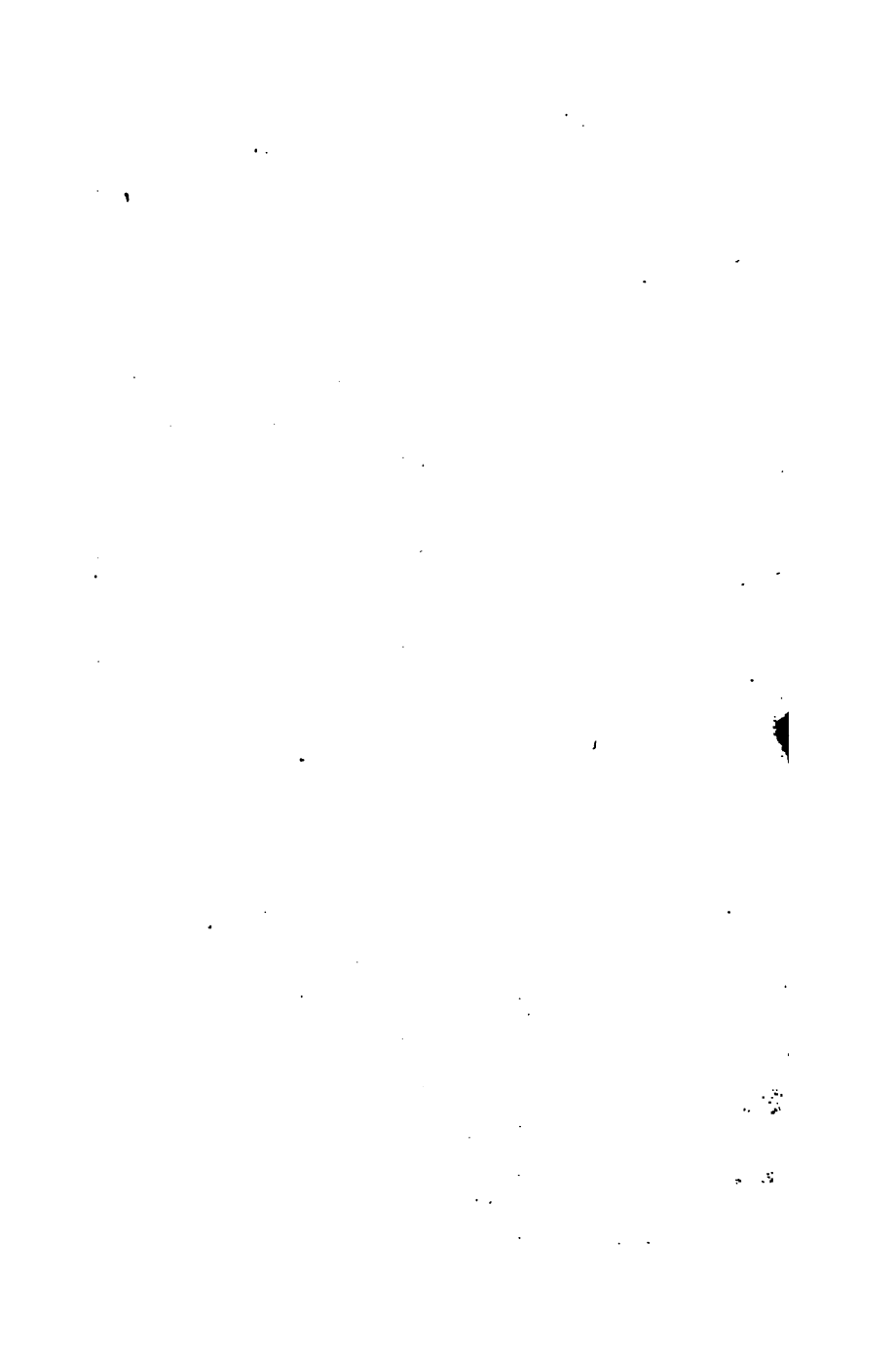
Written probably on an anniversary of the battle of Mentana, which occurred on November 3d, 1867. "Peter and Cæsar," of course, represent church and empire leagued together against Italy, who is struggling to throw off the yoke of both.

"ROME."

The asterisks after the second stanza mark four verses which I have omitted from my translation, because they consist of political allusions that to an

American reader could mean nothing. For the rest, the poem requires no annotation. The original is one of the most harmoniously beautiful compositions in the whole range of modern Italian literature. Only one who, like the poet, has looked down from the Janiculum on the "pictured form" of the Eternal City, who has felt the wonder of her grandeur and the immortal loveliness of her decay, can fully realize how exquisitely, how subtly her charm pervades each word of the poet's Ave. The essential spirit of Rome is there—of that Rome who is as truly Mistress of the World to-day, in her empire over men's hearts, as when of old she ruled their lives.





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